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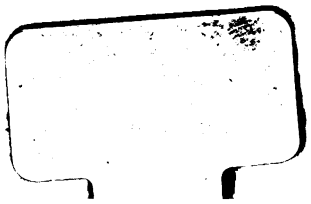

THE

False Friend,

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Vanbrugh (Sir John)

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Gray's Inn Gate*, next *Gray's Inn Lane*, 1702.

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PROLOGUE

Spoken by

Capt. Griffin.

YOU Dread Reformers of an Impious Age,
You awful Catta-nine-Tailes, to the Stage,
This once be Juſt, and in our Cauſe engage.

To gain your Favour, we your Rules Obey,
And Treat you with a Moral Piece to Day;
So Moral, we're afraid 'twill Damn the Play.

For tho' y'ave long been Leagu'd, (as People tell)
T' reduce the Power, Exorbitant of Hell,
No Troops you ſend, t' aſſiſt us in this Field,
But leave us ſtill expos'd, to ſtarve, or yield.
Your Scouts indeed, ſometimes come ſtealing in,
T' obſerve this Formidable Camp of Sin,

And

And whiſper, If we'll Piouſly declare,
VVhat Aids you then will ſend, to help us through the VVar.

To this we Anſwer, we're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to Love or Hate,
So ſhou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But ſince your Cauſe is good, thus far we'll go,
VVhen Portugal *declares, we'll do ſo too.*
Our Caſes, as we think, are much alike,
And on the ſame Conditions, we ſhou'd ſtrike;
Send to their Aid, a hundred Men of VVar,
To Ours, a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
Rig out your VVives and Daughters all around,
(I mean wh'are fit for Service, Tight and Sound)
And for a Proof, our meaning is Sincere,
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear,
A want of Equipage, we'll Man 'em here.

Theſe are the Terms, on which you may Engage,
The Poets Fire, to Batter from the Stage,
Uſeful Ally; whoſe Friendſhip lets you in,
Upon the weak, and naked Side of Sin;
Againſt your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,
VVell Fortifi'd, and always on his Guard;
The Sacred Shot you ſend, are flung in Vain,
By Impious Hands, with inſolent Diſdain,
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
Through baffled Toyles, and unſucceſsful Cares,
In Slaughter, *Blood, and VVounds, and Pious Snares,*
Y'ave made a Flanders *VVar, theſe fifteen hundred Years.*

Change

Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
And th' Infernal Bajazet destroy.
Our Aid accept,
We've gentler Stratagems, which may succeed;
We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em Bleed;
In sounds less harsh, we'll teach 'em to Obey;
In softer Strains, the Evil Spirit lay,
And steal their Immorality away.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ

MEN

Don Felix a Gentleman of *Valencia*,		Capt. *Griffin.*
Don Pedro,	Lovers of *Leonora*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Don Guzman,		Mr. *Mills.*
Don John,		Mr. *Cibber.*
Lopez, Servant to *Don John*,		Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Galindo, Servant to *Don Guzman*,		Mr. *Bullock.*

WOMEN

Leonora, Daughter to *Don Felix*,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Isabella, her Friend & Sister to *Guzman*,	Mrs. *Kent.*
Jacinta, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

SCENE at *VALENCIA.*

THE

THE
False Friend.

ACT I.

SCENE *Don John's* Lodgings.

Enter Don John *beating* Lopez.

Lo. HOLD Sir, hold; there's enough in all Conscience; I'm reasonable, I ask no more; I'm content.

D. Jo. Then there's double Content, you Dog, and a brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well? [*Striking again and again.*

Lo. O mighty well, Sir, you'l never mend it; pray leave it as 'tis.

D. Jo. Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an offer at your impertinent Advice again ——

Lo. And why, Sir, will you stifle the most useful of my Qualifications?

D. Jo. Either, Sirrah, I pass for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my patience.

Lo. Your patience, Sir, indeed is great; I feel at this time forty proofs on't upon my Shoulders: But really, Sir, I wou'd advise you to ——

D. Jo. Again? I can bear thee no longer. Here, Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Discharge. Did I take you for a Vallet, or a Privy-Counsellor, Sir?

Lo. 'Tis confest, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment; but my intention was agreeably to surpize you with some superiour Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profess, my noble Master, a most perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious, Sir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible. And I'm afraid, in time, Sir, I am indeed, they'l riggle you into some ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Understanding I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

D. Jo. Very well, Sir.

Lo. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I (poor *Lopez* as I am) sometimes take leave to Moralize.

D. Jo. Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place: I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lo. Is the Sentence definitive?

D. Jo. Positive.

Lo. Then pray let us come to Account, and see what Wages are due?

D. Jo. Wages? Refund what you have had, you Rascal you, for the plague you have given me.

Lo. Nay, if I must lose my Money, then let me claim an other Right; Losers have leave to speak. Therefore advance, my Tongue, and say thy pleasure; tell this Master of mine, he shou'd die with shame at the Life he leads; so much unworthy of a Man of Honour: Tell him——

D. Jo. I'le hear no more.

Lo. You shall indeed, Sir.

D. Jo. Here, take thy Money and be gone.

Lo. Counters all; adieu you glistering Spangles of the World; farewel ye Tempters of the Great; not me. Tell him——

D. Jo. Stay.

Lo. Go on; tell him he's worse among the Women, than a Ferret among the Rabbets; at one and all, from the Princess to the Tripe Woman; handsom, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

D. Jo.

D. Jo. Very well.

L. It is indeed, Sir, and so are the Stories you tell 'em to bring 'em to your matters. The Handsome, she's all Divinity to be sure; the Ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, she'd be overrun with Lovers; the light Airy Flipflap, she kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maulkin, melts him down with her Modesty; the scragged lean pale Face, has a shape for Destruction; the fat over-grown Sow, has an Air of Importance; the tall awkward Trapes, with her Majesty wounds; the little short Trundle-tail, shoots a *je ne scay quoy*. In a word, they have all something for him—and he has something for 'em all.

D. Jo. And thus, you Fool, by a General Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not sixpence for them that don't.

Lo. Well said, well said, a very pretty Amuzement truly: But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aside) since you are pleas'd to clear up into Conversation, what mighty Matters do you expect, from Boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

D. Jo. Why I expect her Heart and Soul shou'd disingage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'l know how to instruct your next Master to the purpose: And therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man best, she's in the most hopeful way of betraying him; for Love like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

Lo. Like enough: But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are, there are some the Wind must blow hard to fetch 'em about: When such a sturdy Hussy falls in your Honour's Way, what account may things turn to then, an't please ye?

D. Jo. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lo. I find they'l always turn to something; but when you pursue a poor Woman only to make her Lover Jealous, what pleasure can you take in that?

D. Jo. That pleasure.

Lo. Look you there again,

D. Jo. Why, Sirrah, d' you think there's no pleasure in spoiling their sport, when I can't make my own.

Lo. O! to a good-natur'd Man, besure there must; but suppose; instead of fending and proving with his Mistress, he shou'd come to --a--parrying and thrusting with you? What becomes of your Joy then, my noble Master?

D. Jo. Why do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Rascal?

Lo. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

D. Jo. Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love most.

Lo. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon these occasions.

D. Jo. Therefore that has been no stop to my Pleasures.

Lo. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir, and when that happens, you will for ever lose the pleasure of ——

D. Jo. [*Striking him*] Breaking your Head, you Rascal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks so hard.

[*Knocking.*

Lo. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

D. G. Don John de Alvarada, is he here?

Lo. There's the Man. Shew me such another, if you can find him. [*Aside.*]

D. G. Don John I desire to speak with you alone.

D. J. You may speak before this Fellow, Sir, he's trusty.

D. G. 'Tis an affair of Honour, Sir.

D. Jo. Withdraw, *Lopez.*

L. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [*Aside*] This Fellow looks as if he came to save me a broken Head.

(*Lopez* retires.

D. G.

D. G. I call my self *Don Guzman de Torrellas*, you know what Blood I spring from; I am a Cadet, and by consequence not Rich; but I am esteem'd by Men of Honour: I have been forward to expose my self in Battles abroad, and I have met with Applause in our Feasts at home.

Lo. So much by way of Introduction. [*Aside.*

D. Jo. I understand your merit, Sir, and shou'd be glad to do as much by your business.

D. G. Give attention, and you'l be instructed. I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done so. Long she rejected my Sighs, and despised my Tears, but my Constancy at last has vanquisht. I have found the way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the consent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the wants in my Fortune, are recompens'd, by the Merits of my Person.

Lo. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [*Aside.*

D. G. In the mean while, the object of my Vows, is a sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have, is the pleasure of a secret Conversation, through a small Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I trust you, *Don John*, with this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are Noble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with it.

Lo. You cou'd not put it in better hands. [*Aside.*

D. G. But more; my Passion for this Lady is not hid; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wishes, and approves my Choice. You alone, *Don John de Alvarada*, seeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverse my Amour.

D. Jo. Go on.

Lo. These words import War; lie close *Lopez*. [*Aside.*

D. G. You are the *Argus* of our Street, and the Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana*, by her borrow'd Light, supplies the absence of the *Astre* of Day, or that the shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkness; you still attend till *Aurora's* return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

D. Jo. So.

D. G.

D. G. Whereever she moves, you still follow as her Shadow, at Church, at Plays; be her business with Heaven or Earth, your importunity is such, you'l share it.

Lo. He is a forward Fellow, that's the truth on't. [*Aside.*

D. G. But what's still farther, you take the liberty to Copy me; my Words, my Actions, every motion is no sooner mine, but yours. In short, you ape me, *Don*, and to that point, I once design'd to stab my self, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lo. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [*Aside.*

D. G. But to conclude.

D. Jo. 'Tis time.

D. G. My patience, *Don*, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth I find you under *Leonora*'s Window, who never wish'd, fond Man, to see you there, I by the ways of Honour, shall fix you in another station; I leave you to consider on't. Farewel. [*Exit* D. G.

D. Jo. Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this Honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lo. No, pray Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have occasion to do it at all.

D. Jo. I thought at first the Coxcomb came upon an other Subject, which wou'd have embarrast me much more.

Lo. Now this was a Subject wou'd have embarrast me enough in all conscience.

D. Jo. I was afraid he came to forbid me seeing his Sister *Isabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

Lo. Why now that's a hard Case, when you have got a Man's Sister, you can't leave him his Mistress.

D. Jo. No Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him; and the Fool has so provok'd me by his threat'ning, that I believe I shall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think my self even with him.

Lo. A most admirable way to make up Accounts truly.

D. Jo. A Son of a Whore! s'death, I did not care sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week;

Week; for fear the Rogue shou'd Marry her in Ten Days-

Lo. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

D. Fe. Don John——

D. Jo. Don Felix, do I see you in my poor Dwelling? Pray to what lucky accident do I owe this Honour?

D. *Fe.* That I may speak to you without constraint, pray send away your Servant.

Lo. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all so uneasie at my Company. [*Aside.*

D. *Jo.* Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lo. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at least do us less harm. [*Aside.*

D. *Fe.* Won't you retire Friend? [*Looking behind.*

D. *Jo.* Be gone, Sirrah.

Lo. [*Aside.*] Pox take ye——you old Prig you: But I shall be even with you. [Lopez *hides himself.*

D. *Fe.* You know me, Sir?

D. *Jo.* I do, Sir.

D. *Fe.* That I call my self——

D. *Jo. Don Felix.*

D. *Fe.* That I am of the House of——

D. *Jo. Cabrera*, one of the first of *Valencia.*

D. *Fe.* That my Estate is——

D. *Jo.* Great.

D. *Fe.* You know that I have some Reputation in the World.

D. *Jo.* I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

D. *Fe.* And you are not ignorant, that Heav'n for the Consolation of my Gray Hairs has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

D. *Jo.* Beauteous as Light.

D. *F.* Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

D. *Jo.* All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

D. *F.*

D. *Fe.* Since you are satisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with attention, to the Business that brings me hither.

D. *Jo.* I shall.

D. *Fe.* We all know *Don John*, some by their own experience, some by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how easily tarnish'd; an Eclaircissement manag'd with prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your Designs upon my Daughter: You pass Nights entire under her Window, as if you were searching an opportunity to get into my House; there is no body in the Town but has taken notice of your Proceedings; you give the Publick a subject for disadvantagious Discourse; and tho' in reality *Leonora's* Virtue receives no prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs some risque. My years have taught me to judge right of Things: and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you seem to have no thought, since you have yet made no demand to me; what then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have harken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, *Don John*, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in Form, I'll ease you of a great deal of trouble, which the Customs of the World impose upon these Occasions, and, in a word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lo. Good. [*Aside.*

D. *Fe.* You don't answer me! what is't that troubles you?

D. *Jo.* That I have been such a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with so much Patience. [*Rising.*

D. *Fe.* How *Don*? I'm more astonish'd at your Answer, than I was with your Silence.

D. *Jo.* Astonish'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He asks me to Marry, and wonders what I complain of!

D. *Fe.*

D. *Fe.* 'Tis well—'tis well, *Don John*, the outrage is Violent! You insult me in your own House. But know, Sir,— [*Rising.*

D. *Jo.* But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you please, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for Marrying her ——— *Serviteur.*

D. *Fe.* *Don Guzman de Torrellas* has not less merit than you, *Don.*

D. *Jo.* Agreed; what then?

D. *Fe.* And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

D. *Jo.* Why then you have us'd him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly,

D. *Fe.* I have us'd you, Sir ———

D. *Jo.* Us'd me, Sir, you have us'd me very Ill, to come into my own House to seduce me.

D. *Fe.* What Extravagance!

D. *Jo.* What Persecution!

D. *Fe.* Am I then to have no other Answer?

D. *Jo.* Methinks you have enough in all Conscience.

D. *Fe.* Promise me at least, you'l cease to love my Daughter.

D. *Jo.* I won't affront your Family so far neither.

Lo. I'gad my Master shines to day. [*Aside.*

D. *Fe.* Know *Don*, that I can bear no more.

Lo. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [*Aside.*

D. *Fe.* If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I shall find a way to satisfie my offended Honour, and punish your Presumption.

D. *Jo.* You shall do what you please. to me, provided you don't Marry me.

D. *Fe.* Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to Revenge such Outragious Affronts as these.

D. *Jo.* I won't Marry.

D. *Fe.* 'Tis enough. [*Exit* D. Fe.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lo. So; the old Fellow's gone at last, and has carry'd great content along with him. [*Aside.*

D. Jo. Lopez.

Lo. Sir.

D. Jo. What dos't think? he wou'd have Marry'd me!

Lo. Yes, he had found his Man. But have you been even with him.

D. J. What, thou hast heard us then?

Lo. Or I were no Vallet: But pray what do's your Honour intend to do now? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are so many open Towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the Trenches?

D. Jo. I am going, *Lopez*, to double my Attacks: I'll beat up her Quarters six times a Night; I am now down-right in Love; the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lo. Why, to confess the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my tast in this matter; Difficulties are the Rocombolle of Love: I never valu'd an easie Conquest in my life. To rouze my Fire, the Lady must cry out (as softly as ever she can) have a care, my Dear, my Mother has seen us; my Brothers suspect me; my Husband may surprise us: O, dear Heart, have a care, I pray! Then I play the Devil: But when I come to a fair one, where I may hang up my Cloak upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers ——

D. Jo. Impudent Rogue. [*Aside.*

Lo. See her stretch'd upon the Couch in great security, with —— my dear, come kiss me, we have nothing to fear; I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

D. Jo. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your fair one, I am going to be very busie with mine; I was e'en almost weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire, and so, have at her

Lo.

Lo. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as can be in the World. But if you wou'd have the Goodness to consider *en passant*, or so, a little now and then, about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals, and old Fellows, and Pistols and great Guns, and such like Baubles, only now and then at leisure, Sir, not to interrupt things of more consequence.

D. J. Thou art a Cowardly Rascal, I have often consider'd that.

Lo. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbuss is presently discharg'd out of a Garret Window.

D. Jo. Come, no more words; but follow me. How now! what Impertinence have we here now to stop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lo. 'Tis *Don Pedro*, or I'm a Dog.

D. Jo. Impossible! *Don Pedro* return'd!

D. P. 'Tis I, my dearest Friend; I'm come to forget all the Miseries of a long Absence, in one happy Embrace.

(*They Embrace.*

D. Jo. I'm over-joy'd to see you.

D. P. Mine's nor to be expreſt. What, Friend *Lopez* here still! How dos't do *Lopez*? what dos't not know me?

Lo. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he sends me a Bill of Exchange.

D. P. Just as he was, I find, Galliard still.

Lo. I find it very unwholsome to be otherwise, Sir.

D. Jo. You have then quitted the Service in *Flanders*, I suppose.

D. P. I have so, Friend; I have left the Ensigns of *Mars*, and am lifting my self in a softer Militia.

D. Jo. Explain, pray.

D. P. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave *Brussels*, and return hither to the plentiful Fortune he left you; I stay'd in *Flanders* very trist for your loss, and past three years in the Trade of War. About two Months since, my Father writ to me from *Toledo*, that he was going to Marry me very Advantagiously at *Valencia*: He sent me

the Picture of the Lady, and I was so well pleased with it, that I immediately got my Conge, and Embark'd at *Dunkirk*; I had a quick passage to the *Groyn*, from whence, by the way of *Madrid*, I am come hither with all the speed I cou'd.

I have you must know, been two days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform my self of the Lady's Conduct I'm to Marry; and I have discover'd, that she's serv'd by two Cavalliers of Birth and Merit. But tho' they have both given many proofs of a most violent Passion, I have found for the quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of modesty or prudence, has shewn a perfect indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is considerable, her Birth is high, her Manners Irreproachable, and her Beauty so great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

D. Jo. I have hearken'd to you, *Don Pedro*, with a great deal of attention, and Heavens my Witness, I have a mighty Joy in seeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you are going to be Married.

D. P. Say no more of that, I desire you; we have always been Friends, and I earnestly beg we ever may be so; but I am not come to ask Council about my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my inquiries have so much heightned my Desire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I must therefore expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppose it, but that you'l aid me in hastening the moment of my Happiness.

D. Jo. Since 'tis so impossible for you to resolve for your own good, I must submit to what you'l have me: But are not we to know the Name of this piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

D. P. You'l know it presently; for I'm going to carry you to her House.

D. Jo. You shall tell me at least who are her two Gallants?

D. P. One, they could not tell me his Name; t'other is —— But before we talk any more of these affairs, can you let me dispose of *Lopez*, till the return of a Servant I sent three days ago to ——

D. Jo.

D. Jo. Carry News of you to *Paris* I suppose.

D. P. You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not seen him these six years.

Do. Jo. Lopez, do you wait upon *Don Pedro*.

Lo. With all my Heart. It's at least a suspension of Boxes oth' Ear, and Kicks o' the Backside. (*Aside.*

D. P. Then, honest *Lopez*, with your Master's leave, go to the New Inn, the King of *France* on Horseback, and see if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commission of more Importance.

Lo. I shall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. (*Exit* Lopez.

D. Jo. Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, we are going to be Married then? 'Tis resolv'd: Ha!

D. P. So says my Star.

D. Jo. The foolishest Star that has said any thing a great while.

D. P. Still the same I see! Or, more than ever, resolv'd to love nothing.

D. Jo. Love nothing! why, I'm in Love at this very time.

D. P. With what?

D. Jo. A Woman.

D. P. Impossible!

D. Jo. True.

D. P. And how came you in Love with her?

D. Jo. Why I was order'd not to be in Love with her.

D. P. Then there's more Humour than Love in't.

D. J. There shall be what you please in't: But I shan't quit the Gentlewoman, till I have convinc'd her there's something in't.

D. P. Mayn't I know her Name?

D. Jo. When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

D. P. Pray stay here, but till I have sent *Lopez* to my Father-in-Law: I'll come back and carry you with me in a moment.

D. Jo. I'll expect you.

D. P.

D. P. Adieu, dear Friend; may I in earnest see you quickly in Love? (*Exit* D. P.

D. Jo. May I, without a Jest, see you quickly a Widower?

Solus.

He comes, he says, to Marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers — If it should be *Leonora.* — But why she? There are many, I hope, in that condition in *Valencia* — I'm a little Embarrass'd about it however. —

Friendship take heed, if Woman interfere;
Be sure the hour of thy Destruction's near.

ACT II.

SCENE *Leonora's* Appartment.

Enter *Leonora*, *Isabela*, and *Jacinta.*

Leo. DEar *Isabella*, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troublesome Wretch. *Jacinta*, have you shut the outward Gates?

Ja. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shut the Window too; we shall have him get in there, by and by.

Isa. What's this you are in such Apprehons of, pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Isa. You dissemble: something of Love in the case, I'll warrant you.

Leo.

Leo. The Reverse on't; 'tis aversion. My impertinent Star has furnish'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window; he persecutes me to Distraction; I affront him fifty times a day; which he receives with a Bow down to the ground: In short, all I can do, is doing nothing at all, he still persists in Loving me, as much as I hate him.

Isa. Have a care he don't get the better on't, for all that; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough to persevere, 'tis odds but she at last loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf; for since my Brother *Don Guzman* knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my return for the length of my Visit.

Leo. If he shou'd, I shou'd quarrel with him, which few things else would make me do. But methinks, *Isabella*, you are a little Melancholly.

Isa. And you a little Thoughtful.

Leo. Pray tell me your Affliction.

Isa. Pray don't conceal yours.

Leo. Why truly, my Heart is not at ease.

Isa. Mine, I fear, never will.

Leo. my Father's Marrying me against my Inclination.

Isa. My Brother is hindring me from Marrying with mine.

Leo. You know I love your Brother, *Don Guzman*.

Isa. And you shall know, I'm uneasie for *Don John de Alvarada*.

Leo. *Don John*!

Isa. The same.

Leo. Have you any reason to hope for a return?

Isa. I think so.

Leo. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuse your self.

Leo. Why?

Leo. Because he is already in Love with ——

Isa. Who?

Leo. Me.

Isa. I wou'd not have you too positive in that, Madam, for I am very sure that ——

Leo.

Leo. Madam; I am very ſure that he's the troubleſome Gueſt I juſt now complain'd of: And you may believe——

Iſa. Madam, I can never believe he's troubleſome to any Body.

Leo. O dear Madam: But I'm ſure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows ſhut, till I'm almoſt dead with Heat, and that I think is troubleſome.

Iſa. This Miſtake is eaſily ſet right, *Leonora*; our Houſes join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at yours.

Leo. But when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almoſt breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

Iſa. A Man may do that to diſguiſe his real Inclination.

Leo. Nay, if you pleaſe, believe he's dying for you. I wiſh he were; then I ſhou'd be troubled no more with him. Be ſure *Jacinta* you don't open a Window to night.

Iſa. Not while I'm here at leaſt; for if he knows that he may chance to preſs in.

Leo. Look you, *Iſabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm ſo much your Friend, I can't endure to ſee you deceiv'd.

Iſa. And ſince I have the ſame Kindneſs for you, *Leonora*, Know in ſhort, that my Brother is ſo allarm'd at his Paſſion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bleſs my Soul! and don't you plainly ſee by that he's Jealous of him upon my account.

Iſa. ſmiling.] He's Jealous of his Honour, Madam, leaſt he ſhou'd debauch his Siſter.

Leo. I ſay, he's Jealous of his Love, leſt he ſhou'd corrupt his Miſtreſs.

Iſa. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd *Don John* ſhou'd love me?

Leo. I'm not concern'd; I have no Deſigns upon him, I care not who he loves.

Iſa. Why then are you angry?

Leo. Why do you ſay he does not care for me?

Iſa.

Isa. Well, to content you then: I know nothing certain but that I love him.

Leo. And to content you; I know nothing so certain, as that I neither Love him, nor never can Love him: And so I hope we are Friends again.

Isa. Kiss me then, and let us never be otherwise.

Leo. Agreed: [*They Kiss.*] And now my Dear, as my Misfortune's neareſt, I am firſt to be pity'd. I am the moſt wretched Woman living. My Father every moment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has reſolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Reſolution, nor all I can ſummon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart; but there he's fixt to ruin me.

Ja. Madam, here's *Don Guzman* at the Chamber door; he begs ſo paſſionately to come in, ſure you can't refuſe him.

Leo. Heav'ns; but does he conſider to what he expoſes me?

Ja. Madam, he conſiders nothing; if he did, I'd ſay he were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in Love with you.

Leo. Shall I venture *Iſabella?*

Iſa. You know beſt.

Enter Don Guzman.

Ja. Marry, methinks he knows beſt of us all, for here he comes.

D. G. Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the laſt time perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far; excels of Modeſty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this moment you have left, and own to your old Father how you Love. He once did ſo himſelf; our Scene of Sorrow may perhaps recal ſome ſmall remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

Leo. Alas, *Don Guzman*———

Ja. O Heav'ns, Madam———

Leo. What's the matter?

Ja. Y'are undone, here's your Father.

Isa. What an unlucky Accident.

Leo. Has he seen *Don Guzman*?

Ja. Nay the Deux knows.

Isa. Where shall he hide himself?

Ja. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter D. Felix.

D. G. I must e'n stand it now.

D. *Fe.* Good News, my Daughter, good News; I come to acquaint you, that —— How now? What's the meaning of this? *Don Guzman* in my Daughters Chamber!

D. G. I see your surprize, Sir, but you need not be disturb'd; 'twas some sudden Business with my Sister, brought me here.

D. *Fe.* 'Tis enough, Sir. I'm glad to find you here; you shall be a Witness, that I know how to preserve the Honour of my Family.

D. G. What mean you, Sir?

D. *Fe.* to Marry *Leonora* this moment.

D. G. How say you?

D. *Fe.* I say you shall have nothing left to ask of me.

D. G. Is't possible? O Heavens! what Joy I feel?

D. *Fe.* *Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir; and in giving me the Man I Love, you charge me with a Debt of Gratitude, can never be repay'd.

D. G. [*Kneeling*] Upon my Knees, I thank the best of Men for blessing me with all that's blessin Woman.

Isa. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him to

Ja. Now methinks he looks like an old Rogue. I don't like his Looks. [*Aside.*

Exeun

Enter Lopez.

Lo. To all whom it may concern, greeting. *Don Pedro Osorio* acknowledging himself most unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Person of the fair *Leonora*, Addresses himself (by me his small Ambassador) to the Generosity of *Don Felix*, for leave to walk in and take Possession.

D. Fe. I had already given order for his entrance.

D. G. What is't I hear?

Leo. Support me.

Isa. She faints.

D. G. Look Tyrant here, and if thou can'st be Cruel! [*Holding her.*

D. Fe. Bring in *Don Pedro*.

D. G. Barbarian!

Isa. Look up, Madam, for Heaven's sake; since you must Marry the Fellow, e'en make the most on't.

Leo. Hoh ——

Enter Don Pedro *and* Don John.

Isa. So —— how d'ye do now? Come, chear up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty Turn'd Fellow. [*Aside*] He'll set all to rights by to morrow morning, I'll answer for him.

D. Fe. Don Pedro, you are Welcome; let me Embrace you.

D. P. In what Terms, Sir, shall I express, what I owe you for the Honour you do me. And with what prospect of Return can I receive this inestimable Present. Your Picture, Madam, made what Impression Art cou'd frame, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, our Sex receive, I feel.

D. Fe. Come Son, (for I'm in haste to call you so.) —— But what's this I see? *Alvarida* here! Whence, Sir, this

Insolence; to come within my Doors after you know what has past? Who brought you here?

D. P. 'Twas I, Sir.

D. Fe. But do you know that he ——

D. P. Sir, he's the best of my Friends.

D. Fe. But do you know, I say, that he wou'd ——

D. P. Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

D. Fe. Yes, because he design'd ——

D. P. I know his Design, Sir, 'tis to hinder all his Friends from Marrying. Pray forgive him.

D. Fe. Then to prevent for ever, his designs here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give *Don Pedro* your hand.

D. Jo. Keep down, my kindling Jealousie; I've something tortures me I never felt till now. [*Aside.*

D. P. to *Leo.*) Why this backwardness, Madam, where a Father chuses, a Daughter may with modesty approve? Pray give me your Hand.

D. G. I cannot see it. [*Turning from 'em.*

D. Fe. to *Leo* (*Aside*) Are you Distracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for shame.

Leo. Hoh! *Don Guzman*, I am Yours.

[*Sighing and giving careless her Hand.*

D. G. Madam! [*Turning.*

D. Fe. What a fatal Slip. [*Aside.*

Leo. 'Twas not to you I spoke, Sir.

D. P. But him it was she nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much Alarm'd.

D. Fe. to *Leo.*) Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

D. Fe. Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Isa. A very humdrum Marriage this. (*Aside.*

D. G. Pray Sister let's retire; for I can bear the sight no longer.

Isa. My Dear, farewel, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I

Leo. I am indeed, an Object of your pity.

[*Exit* D. G. *and* Isa.

D. Fe. Come Daughter, come my Son, let's to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

D. P. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exit* Don Fe. *leading* Leo.

D. Jo. I love her, and I'll love her still. Fate, do thy worst, I'll on. [*Aside.*

D. P. To name another Man in giving me her Hand

D. Jo. aside.) How am I wrackt and torn with Jealousie?!

D. P. 'Tis doubtless so, *Don Guzman* has her Heart. [*Aside*

D. *Jo.* (*Aside.*) The Bridegroom's Thoughtful. The Ladies Trip has furnish'd him with some Matrimonial Reflections: They'l agree with him at this time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. *Don Pedro,* adieu, we shall meet again at Night.

D. P. Pray stay; I have need of a Friend's Council.

D. *Jo.* What already?

D. P. Already.

D. *Jo.* That's to say, you have already enough of Matrimony.

D. P. I scarce know what I have, nor am I sure of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lo. An't please you Honour, yonder's your Man *Berrand* just arriv'd; his Horse and he so tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable Door.

D. P. *to D. Jo.*) He brings News from my Father.

Lo. I believe he do's, and hasty News too; but if you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but slowly. But here's his Packet; I suppose that will do as well as his Company. (*Gives a Letter.*

D. P. Reads to himself) My dear Friend, here's ill News.

D. J. What's the matter?

D. P.

D. P. My poor old Father's Dying.

D. Jo. I'm mighty sorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I must confess; the burthen of his Estate will almost bear you down. But we must submit to Heavens good will.

D. P. You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stranger, to that tenderness methinks every Son shou'd feel for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd such repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the loss of a Mistress cou'd scarce touch me nearer. You'l believe me, when you see me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have seen the good old Man.

D. Jo. That will be a Proof indeed; Heavens Blessing must needs fall upon so Dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with so indifferent a Lover.

D. P. O! I shall have time enough to repair this seeming small neglect: But before I go, pray a word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without. [*Exit* Lopez.

You see, my dearest Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I shall go directly from this place to the Altar, and there Seal the Eternal Contract. That done, I'll take Post to see my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a Young and Beauteous Bride; but that which touches every string of Thought, I fear, I leave her wishing I were *Guzman*. If it be so, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair occasion pass to gain her; my absence, is his Friend, but you are mine, and so the danger's balanc'd.

Into your Hands, my dear, my faithful *Alvarada*, [*Embracing him*] I put my Honour, and I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora's* Truth. Observe her Lover, and neglect not her. You are Wise, you are Active, you are Brave and True. You have all the Qualities that Man shou'd have for such a Trust; and I by consequence have all the Assurance Man can have, you'll, as you ought, discharge it.

D. Jo.

D. Jo. A very hopeful Business you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honest; Udsdeath, I'd as soon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honest: Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you must not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Mischief, and their Actions run in one continued Torrent, till they die. But the less a Torrent's checkt, the less Mischief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiss the Banks and pass, but stop it 'tis insatiable.

D. P. I wou'd not stop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Course where it might run, and vent it self with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of her self is Virtuous, her Birth, Religion, Modesty and Sense, will guide her Wishes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is safest that is ne'er attackt.

D. Jo. As far as I can serve you, in hindring *Guzman's* Approaches, you may command me.

D. P. That's all I ask.

D. Jo. Then all you ask, is granted.

D. P. I am at ease, farewell.

D. Jo. Heaven bring you safe to us again. [*Exit* D. P.

D. John *solus.*

Yes, I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish no Body may observe me, for I find I'm no more Master of my self. *Don Guzman's* Passion for her, adds to mine; but when I think on what *Don Pedro'll* reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something must be done: What, let Love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

Enter Lopez.

Lo. *aside.*] *Don Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquorish Huffy with a watry Mouth, behind him——Hum——If she falls handsomly in my Master's way, let her look to her——'st——there he is. Doing what? Thinking? That's new: And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer still.

D. Jo. *aside.*] How? Abuse the Trust a Friend repose in me? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the stretch of Thought, to make him wretched?

Lo.

Lo. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you ſeen?——Seen what, Fool? Why he can't ſee thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Baſtard has whipt him through the Heart in earneſt.

D. Jo. aſide.] *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me—— How do I know that?——Why——he Swore; he was my Friend——Well; and I ſwore I was his——Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why ſhould not I conclude he would do as much by his?

Lo. *aſide.*] His Countenance begins to clear up: I ſuppoſe Things may be drawing to a Concluſion.

D. Jo. *aſide.*] Ay, 'tis juſt ſo: And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half ſo long as I have done: I'gad I think I have put my Self to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm ſure at leaſt, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may laſt a little longer. O, are you there, Sir? [*Seeing* Lo.

Lo. I think ſo, Sir. I won't be poſitive in any thing.

D. Jo. Follow me; I have ſome Buſineſs to employ you in, you'll like. [*Exit* D. Jo.

Lo. I won't be poſitive in that neither. I gueſs what you are going about——There's Roguery a-foot: This is at *Leonora*, who I know hate's him; nothing under a Rape will do't——He'll be hang'd——And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez?* Why, the Honour to a——dingle dangle by him. Which he'll have the good Nature to be mighty ſorry for. But I may chance to be before-hand with him: If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to ſet a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do Don, I ſhall go near to follow your Moral Example, ſecure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene, Don Felix's *House.*

Enter Don Felix, Don Pedro, Leonora *and* Jacinte.

D. *Fe.* HOW Son? Oblig'd to leave us Immediately say you?

D. *Pe.* My ill Fortune Sir, will have it so.

Leo. [*Aside.*] What can this be?

D. *Fe.* Pray what's the matter? You Surprize me.

D. *Pe.* This Letter Sir will inform you.

D. *Fe.* [*Reads.*] *My Dear Son,* Bertrand *has brought me the Wellcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter; which has in some sort Reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am. I daily expect my Exit from this World; 'Tis now Six years since I have seen you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I Die; If you will give me that Satisfaction, you must be Speedy. Heaven preserve you.*

[*To* D. *Pe.*] 'Tis enough: The Occasion I am sorry for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude Oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel my Son, may you have a Happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the Sight of so good a Son, Revive so kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife Adieu.

[*Exit D.* Fe.

D. *Pe.* I must leave you my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to Chear me on my way, I might with such a Cordial run my Course; But that Support you want the Power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

D. *Pe.* My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much Indulg'd, like Favourite Servants they are apt to abuse the too much Trust, their Master places in 'em.

D. *Pe.* If I'm abus'd, assist me with some fair Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disquiet, which is not in my power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

Leo. You might methinks have spar'd my Modesty; and without forcing me to Name your Absence have laid my trouble there.

D. *Pe.* No no, my fair Deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover what's so hard to hide, my Presence not my Absence is the Cause; Your cold Reception at my first Approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my Doom; *Don Guzman, I am yours.*

Leo. I'st then Impossible the Mouth shou'd utter one Name for another?

D. *Pe.* Not at all: when it follows the Dictates of the Heart.

Leo. Were it even so? What wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and [illegible] Virtue are its Rulers?

D. *Pe.* Where they preside, our [illegible]nour may be safe, yet our Minds be on the Wreck.

Leo. This discourse will scarce produce a Remedy, we'll end it therefore if you please, and leave the rest to time. Besides the Occasion of your Journey presses you.

D. *Pe.* The Occasion of my Delay, presses you I fear much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc't to mind me of my Duty, to free your self from my Sight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me Wrong. The Sentiments I have for you, are much more favourable than your Jealousy suffers 'em to Appear. But if my Heart has seem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude, I shall suffer it to do so long.

D. *Pe.* I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth, and therefore 'tis, I Love you to my ruin. Cou'd I believe you False, Contempt wou'd soon release me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wish to wear for ever: Therefore Indulge at least your pitty to your Slave, 'tis the

the Soft Path, in which we tread to Love. I leave behind a Tortur'd heart to move you.

Weigh well it's Pains, think on it's Passion too,
Remember all it's Torments, Spring from you,
And if you cannot Love at least be true.

[*Exit* D. Pe.

Ja. Now by my troth Madam, I'm ready to Cry. He's a Pretty Fellow, and deserves better Luck.

Leo. I own he do's: And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengag'd. But alas! I want his Pitty, more than he do's mine.

Ja. You do? Now I'm of another mind. The Moment he sees your Picture, he's in Love with you: The Moment he's in Love with you, he Embarques, and like lightning, in a Moment more he's here; where you are pleas'd to receive him with a *Don Guzman, I am yours.* Ah—— poor Man.

Leo. I own *Jacinta* he's Unfortunate, but still I say my Fate is harder yet. The Irresistable Passion I have for *Guzman*, renders *Don Pedro* with all his Merit Odious to me. Yet I must in his favour make eternal War, against the Strength of Inclination and the Man I Love.

Ja. [*Aside.*] Um—— If I were in her Case, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But she makes such a bustle with her Virtue, I dare not propose it to her.

Leo. Besides *Don Pedro* posesses what he Loves, but I must never think on poor *Don Guzman* more. [*Weeping.*

Ja. Poor *Don Guzman* indeed. We han't said a word of the Pickle he's in yet. Hark! Somebody knocks—— at the Old Rendezvous. It's he on my Conscience.

Leo. Let's be gone; I must think of him no more.

Ja. Yes, let's be gone; but let's know whether 'tis he or not first.

Leo. No *Jacinta*, I must not speak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm marry'd to another.

Ja. Marry'd to another? well, marry'd to another, why if one were Marry'd to Twenty Others, one may give a Civil Gentleman an Answer.

Leo. Alas! what would'st thou have me say to him?

Ja. Say to him? Why one may find Twenty things to say to a Man: Say that 'tis true you are Marry'd, to Another, and that a—— 'twou'd be a Sin to think of any Body but your Husband, and that—— you are of a Timorous Nature, and afraid of being Damn'd, and that a—— You wou'd not have him Die neither, That a—— Folks are Mortal, and things sometimes come strangely about, and a Widdow's a Widdow, and——

Leo. Peace Levity. [*Sighing.*] But see who 'tis knocks.

Ja. Who's there?

[*Isa. Behind the Scenes.*] 'Tis I, *Isabella.*

Leo. Isabella? What do you want my Dear?

Isa. Your Succour for Heaven's sake *Leonora.* My Brother will destroy himself.

Leo. Alas! it is not in my power to save him.

Isa. Permit him but to speak to you, that possibly may do.

Leo. Why have not I the force to refuse him?

[*D. Guz. behind the Scenes.*] Is it you I hear, my poor lost Mistress. Am I so happy once more to meet you, where I so often have been blest?

Ja. Courage Madam, say a little something to him.

D. Guz. Not one kind Word, to a distracted Lover? No pitty for a Wretch, you have made so Miserable?

Leo. The only way to end that Misery, is to forget we ever thought of Happiness.

D. Guz. And is that in your Power? Ah *Leonora*, you ne'er lov'd like me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I Appeal; but Heaven do's now, permit that Love no more.

D. Guz. Why do's it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in it's Omnipotence? is it reduc't to find it's Pleasures in it's Creatures pain?

Leo. In what or where, the Joys of Heaven consist, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; But this we

we know; a Wife must in her Husband seek for hers, and therefore I must think of you no more. Farewell.

[*Exit* Leo.

D. Guz. Yet hear me Cruel *Leonora.*

Ja. It must be an other time then, for she's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I see she durst not trust her self any longer in your Company. But hush, I hear a noise, Get you gone, we shall be Catcht.

[Leo. *within*] *Jacinta.*

Ja. I come, I come Madam. [*Exit Ja.*

Enter Lopez.

Lo. If I mistake not, there are a Brace of Lovers, intend to take some pains about Madam, in her Husbands Absence. Poor *Don Pedro:* Well; my thinks a Man's in a very merry mood that Marries a handsome Wife: When I dispose of my Person, it shall be to an Ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are so full of Acknowledgment: Watch you, Wait upon you, Nurse you, Humour you, are so Fond, and so Chast. Or if the Hussy has Presumption enough to think of being otherwise, Away with her into the Mountains Fifty Leagues off; no body opposes. If she's Mutinous give her Discipline; every body approves on't. Hang her says one, he's kinder than she deserves; Damn her says an other, why do's not he Starve her, But if shes Handsome, Ah the Brute crys one, Ah the Turk crys t'other; Why don't she Cuckold him says this Fellow; why do's not she Poison him says that, and away comes a Pacquet of Epistles to advise her to't. Ah poor Don *Pedro*! But enough: 'Tis now Night all's Hush and still; every Bodies a Bed, and what am I to do? Why as other trusty Domestiques, sit up to let the Thief in. But I suppose he won't be here yet, with the help of a small Nap before hand, I shall be in a better Condition to perform the duty of a Centinel when I go to my Post. This corner will just fit me; come *Lopez*, lie thee down, short Prayers, and to Sleep. [*He lies down.*

Enter

Enter Jacinta *with a Candle in her Hand.*

Ja. So, I have put my poor Lady to Bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wishes and a poor Pillow to mumble; instead of a Bridegroom Poor heart. I Pitty her but every body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine.

Tell me kind Gentlemen, if I have not something to excite you? Methinks I have a Roguish Eye, I'm sure I have a Mettled heart. I'm soft and Warm, and sound may it please ye.

Whence comes it then, this Rascal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it Worth his while, to make one Motion towards me. Not that the Blockheads Charms have mov'd me, but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt I must begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at Stake upon't, and I must Rouze the Drone some how.

Lopez *Rubing his Eyes, and coming on.*

Lo. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet, no sooner do I in comfortable Slumber, close my Eyes; but methinks my Masters upon me, with Fifty slaps ot'h Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to Night, and so I had e'en —— Who's that? —— *Jacinta*? —— Yes —— a Catterwauling? —— like enough.

Ja. The Fellows there: I had best not lose the Occasion. [*aside.*

Lo. The Slut's handsome. I begin to kindle. But if my Master shou'd be at the Door? —— Why there let him be till the matter's over. [*Aside.*

Ja. Shall I advance? [*Aside.*

Lo. Shall I Venture? [*Aside.*

Ja How severe a look he has? [*Aside.*

Lo. She seems very Reserv'd. [*Aside.*

Ja. If

Ja. If he shou'd put the Negative upon me? [*Aside.*

Lo. She seems a Woman of great Discretion. I Tremble. [*Aside.*

Ja. Hang it I must venture. [*Aside.*

Lo. Faint Heart never won Fair Lady. [*Aside.*

Ja. *Lopez*!

Lo. *Jacinta!*

Ja. O dear heart, is't you?

Lo. Charming *Jacinta*, fear me not.

Ja. O ho! He begins to talk soft,——then let us take upon us again. [*Aside.*

Lo. Cruel *Jacinta*, whose Mouth (small as it is) has made but one Morsel of my Heart.

Ja. It's well he prevents me, I was going to Leap about the Rascalls Neck. [*Aside.*

Lo. Barbare *Jacinta*, cast your Eyes,
On your poor *Lopez*, e're he Dies.

Ja. Poetry too? Nay then I have done his Business. [*Aside.*

Lo. Feel how I Burn, with hot Desire,
Ah! Pitty me, and quench my Fire.
Deaf my Fair Tyrant? Deaf to my Woes?
Nay then Barbarian, in it go's. [*Drawing a knife.*

Ja. Why how now Jack Sauce, why how now Presumption, what Encouragement have I given you Jackalent, to Attaque me with your Tenders? I cou'd tear your Eyes out Sirrah, for thinking I am such a one. What indecency have you seen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you shou'd think me for your Beastly turn; you Goat you.

Lo. Patience my much offended Goddess, 'tis Honourably I wou'd share your Bed.

Ja. Peace I say— Mr Liquorish. I, for whom the most Succesful Cavaliers employ their Sighs in Vain, shall I look down upon a Crawling worm Pha——— See that Crop Ear there, that Vermin, that wants to

Eat

Eat at a Table, wou'd set his Masters mouth a Watering.

Lo. May I presume to make an humble Meal, upon what Savory Remnants he may leave?

Ja. No.

Lo. 'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!

Ja. Leave me.

Lo. 'Tis Pittiful, 'tis wondrous Pittiful!

Ja. Begon I say.

Thus Lady's 'tis, perhaps some times with you,
With Scorn you fly, the thing which you persue.

[*Exit* Ja.

Lo. Solus. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well, but do you hear—— Tawdery, you are not so Alluring as you think you are——Comb-brush, nor I so much in Love—— your Maidenhead may chance to grow Mouldy with your Airs,—— the Pox be your Bed-fellow, there's that for you. Come let's think no more on't. Saylors must meet with Storms; my Master's going to Sea too. He may Chance to fair no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigal:* There may be foul weather there too. I reckon at present he may be lying by, under a Mizen at the Street Door, I think it Rains too, for his Comfort. What if I shou'd leave him there an hour or two in fresco, and try to work off the Amour that way? No; People will be Physick't their own way. But perhaps I might save his life by't,—— Yes, and have my Bones broke for being so Officious; Therefore if you are at the Door *Don John*, walk in, and take your Fortune.

[*Opens the Door.*

Enter Don John.

D. Jo. Hist, hist.

Lo. Hist, hist.

D. Jo. Lopez.

Lo. [*Aside.*] The Devil—— Tread softly.

D. Jo. Are they all a Sleep?

Lo. Dead

D. Jo.

Do. Jo. Enough, ſhut the Door.

Lo. 'Tis done.

D. Jo. Now be gone.

Lo. What? Shut the Door firſt, and then be gone? Now my thinks I might as well have gone firſt, and then ſhut the Door.

D. Jo. I bid you be gone you Dog, do you find the way.

Lo. [*aſide.*] Stark mad; and always ſo, when a Woman's in Chace.

But Sir, will you keep your Chief Miniſter out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this Night's Work is to be?

D. Jo. No Queſtions but March. [Lo. *go's to the Door*

Lo. Very well—— *and returns.*

But Sir, ſhall I ſtay for you in the Street?

D. Jo. No, nor Stir out of the Houſe.

Lo. So: Well Sir, I'll do juſt as you have Order'd me, I'll be gone, and I'll ſtay, and I'll March, and I won't Stir, and—— juſt as you ſay Sir.

D. Jo. I ſee you are afraid you Raſcal you.

Lo. Paſſably.

D. Jo. Well, be it ſo; but you ſhan't leave the Houſe Sir, therefore begon to your Hogſtie, and wait farther Orders.

Lo. [*aſide.*] But firſt I'll know how you intend to diſpoſe of your ſelf. [Lo. *hides behind the Door.*

Don John *Solus.*

D. Jo All's huſh and ſtill; and I am at the point of being a Happy—— Villain. That Thought comes uninvited—— Then like an uninvited Gueſt let it be treated: Begone Intruder. *Leonora*'s Charms, turn Vice to Virtue, Treaſon into Truth, Nature who has made her the Supream Object of our Deſires, muſt needs have deſign'd her, the Regulater of our Morrals. Whatever points at her; is pointed right. We are all her due, Mankind's the Dower, which Heaven has ſettled on her; and he's the Villain that wou'd rob her of her Tribute. I therefore as in duty bound, will In, and pay her mine.

Lo. [*aſide.*] There he goes I faith; he ſeem'd as if he had a Qualm juſt now; but he never go's without a Dram of Conſcience Water about him, to ſet matters right again.

D. Jo. [*aside.*] This is her Door. 'Tis Lock't. But I have a Smith about me, will make her Staple Fly.

[*Pulls out some Irons, and forces the Lock.*

Lo. [*aside.*] Hark, hark, if he is not equip't for a House-breaker too. Very well; he has provided Two Strings to his Bow, if he scapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

D. Jo. [*aside.*] There 'tis done. So; No Watch Light burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in Darkness? So much the better. 'Twill save a Great deal of Blushing on both sides. Methinks I feel my self mighty Modest, I tremble too. That's not proper at this time. Be firm my Courage, I have business for thee — So — How am I now? — pretty well. Then by your leave *Don Pedro.* I must supply your Neglect. You shou'd not have Married till you were ready for Consummation, a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handsom Bride, than an Impeachment upon an Innocent Minister. [D. Jo. *enters the Chamber.*

Lo. [*coming forwards.*] Well done; Well done; Gad a marcy my little *Judas.* Unfortunate *Don Pedro*, thou hast left thy Purse in the Hands of a Robber: And while thou art Galloping to pay thy last Duty to thy Father, he's at least upon the Trot, to pay the first to thy Wife. Ah the Traytor! What a Capilotade of Damnation will there be Cook't up for him. But softly: Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up some Curiosities. — I hear no noise — There's no Light, We shall have him Blunder where he shou'd not do by and by — Commit a Rape upon her Tea Table perhaps; break all her China, and then she'll be sure to hang him. But hark — now I hear — nothing. She do's not say a Word: She sleeps curiously: — How if she shou'd take it all for a Dream now? Or her Virtue shou'd be fallen into an Appoplex? Where the Pox will all this end?

[Leo. *within.*] *Jacinta, Beatrix, Fernandes,* Murder, Murder help, help, help.

Lo. Now the Play begins it opens finely.

[Leo. *within.*] Father, *Alphonso*, Save me, O save me.

Lo. Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducat? for fear of the latter, Decamp *Lopez.* [*Exit* Lopez. *Scene*

Scene changes to Leonora's *Bed-Chamber, discovers* Leonora *in a Gown, holding* D. John *by the Sleeve.*

Leo. Whoever you are Villain you shan't escape me, and tho' your efforts have been in vain, you shan't fail to receive the Recompence of your Attempt, help ho, help there, help. [D. John *breaks from her, but can't find the Door.*

D. J. [*aside.*] Sdeath I shall be undone, where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away; a Light there, quickly.

Enter D. Guzman *with his Sword drawn.*

D. Guz. Where are you fair Angel? I come to lose my Life in your Defence.

D. Jo. [*aside.*] That's *Guzman*'s Voice: The Devil has sent him. But we are still in the Dark; I have one Tour yet Impudence be my Aid. Lights there ho; Where is the Villain that durst Attempt the Virtuous *Leonora?*

D. Guz. His Life shall make her Satisfaction.

D. Jo. Or mine shall fall in his pursuit.

D. Guz. 'Tis by my hands, that she shall see him die.

D. Jo. My Sword shall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. [*aside.*] What can this mean? But here's Lights at last thank the Just bounteous Heaven.

D. Jo. Enter with the Light there; but Secure the Door, lest the Traytor Scape my Vengeance.

Enter D. Pedro, *with a Light, he finds* Leonora *between 'em. Both their Swords drawn.*

Leo. O Heaven's what is't I see?

D. Jo. Don Pedro here?

D. Pe. What Monstrous Scene is this? [*aside.*

D. Guz. What Accident has brought him here? [*aside.*

D. Jo. Now I'm Intrigu'd indeed. [*aside.*

[D. Pedro *steps back and shuts the Door.*

D. Pe. [*aside.*] This Mystery must unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for my poor Father's Death? [*to* Leo.] Ah *Leonora.*

Leo [*aside.*] Alas! where will this end? [*falling into a Chai*

D. Pe. [*aside.*] Naked; and thus attended at the dead of Night, my Soul is froze at what I see. Confusion sits in all their Faces, and in large Characters I read, the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

[*To the Men*] Speak Statues; if you yet have power to Speak, Why at this time of Night, you are found with *Leonora*?—— None Speak?—— *Don John*, It is from you I ought to know.

D. Jo. My Silence may inform you.

D. Pe. Your silence do's inform me of my Shame, but I must have some Information more; Explain the whole.

D. Jo. I shall. You remember *Don. Pedro*——

D. Pe. Be quick.

D. Jo. You remember you charg'd me before you went.

D. Pe. I remember well, go on.

D. Jo. With the care of your Honour.

D. Pe. I did, dispatch.

D. Jo. Very well; You see *Don Guzman*, in this Appartment: You see your Wife Naked, and you see me, my Sword in my hand. That's all.

D. Pe. [*Drawing upon* Don Guz.] 'Tis here then I am to revenge my Wrongs.

D. Guz. Hold.

D. Pe. Villain, defend thy self.

Leo. O Heaven.

D. Guz. Yet hear me.

D. Pe. What can'st thou say?

D. Guz. The Truth, as holy Heaven it self is Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Crys of *Leonora*; what the occasion was I knew not, but she repeated 'em with so much Vehemence, I found whatever her Distress might be, her Succour must be suddain; So leapt the Wall that parts our Houses, and flew to her Assistance. D. *John* can if he please, inform you more.

D. *Pe.* [*aside.*] Mankind's a Villan, and this may be true. Yet 'tis too Monstrous for a quick Conception. I shou'd be Cautious how I wrong *Don John*. Sure 'tis not right to Ballance. I yet have but their Words against their Words; I know *Don John* for my Friend, and *Guzman* for my Rival. What can be Clearer? Yet hold: If *Leonora*'s Innocent, she may Untangle all. Ma-

Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (if I have so much Interest left) which way your Evidence will point my Sword?

Leo. My Lord I'm in the same perplexity with you; All I can say, is this; One of 'em came to Force me; Tother to save me; But the Night confounding the Villany of the Guilty, with the Generosity of the Innocent; I still am Ignorant to which I owe, my Gratitude or my Resentment.

D. Guz. But Madam, did you not hear me cry I came to help you?

Leo. I own it.

D. *Jo.* And did you not hear me threaten to destroy the Author of your fears?

Leo. I can't deny it.

D. *Guz.* What can there be more to clear me?

D. *Jo.* Or me?

D. *Pe.* Yet One's a Villain still.

[*aside.*] My Confusion but encreases; Yet why confus'd? It is, it must be *Guzman.* But how came *Don John* here? Right. *Guzman* has said, how he came to her Aid, but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treason. Then Perish——

D. *Guz.* Who?

D. *Jo.* Who?

D. *Pe.* Just Gods Instruct me who?

Don Felix *knocks.*

[D. *Fe. within.*] Let me in, open the Door.

Leo. 'Tis my Father.

D. *Pe.* No matter, keep the Door fast.

[*aside.*] I'll have this matter go no farther, 'till I can reach the depth on't.

Don Guzman, leave the House: I must suspend my Vengeance for a time.

D. *Guz.* I obey you; but I'll lose my Life, or shew my Innocence. [*Exit* D. *Guz.*

[D. Fel. *within.*] Open the Door, Why am I kep't out?

D. *Pe.* *Don John,* follow me by this back Way. And you *Leonora,* retire. [*Exit* Leonora.

[D. Jo. *aside following* D. Pe.] If *Don Guzman*'s Throat were cut, wou'd not this Busle end?——Yes——Why then if his Throat be not cut, may this busle end me.

The End of the Third Act. ACT

ACT IV.

Scene, Don Guzman's *House.*

Enter Don Guzman *and* Galindo.

D. *Guz.* [*musing*] *Galindo.*

Gal. Sir.

D. *Guz.* Try if you can see *Jacinta*, let her privately know I wou'd fain speak with her.

Gal. It shall be done Sir. [*Exit* Gal.

D. Guzman *Solus.*

Sure Villainy and Impudence were never on the Stretch before: This Traytor, has wreckt 'em till they Crack. To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brought me. *Pedro's* Resentment, must at last be pointed here: But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leonora*, I easily had past him by the rest.—— What's to be done? Which way shall I convince her of my Innocence? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare me Guilty may satisfie my Vengeance, but not Aid my Love. No, I am lost with her for ever.——

Enter Jacinta.

Speak; is't not so *Jacinta*.? Am I not ruin'd with the Virtuous *Leonora*?

Ja. One of you I suppose is.

D. *Guz.* Which do'st thou think?

Ja. Why he that came to spoil all, who shou'd it be?

D. *Guz.* Prithee be Serious with me if thou can'st for one small Moment, and Advise me, which way I shall take, to to convince her of my Innocence, That it was I that came to do her Service?

Ja. Why you both came to do her Service, did not you?

D. *Guz.* Still trifling?

Ja. No by my Troth not I.

D. *Guz.* Then turn thy Thoughts to ease me in my Torment, and be my faithful Witness to her, That Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I Impricate, if ever Once I

knew

knew One Fleeting Thought, that durst propose to me, so Impious an attempt. No *Jacinta*; I Love her well; but Love with that Humility, whatever Misery I feel, my Torture ne'er shall urge me on to Seize, more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

Ja. And the Murrain take such a Lover, and his Humility both say I. Why sure Sir, you are not in earnest in this Story, are you?

D. *Guz.* Why do'st thou question it?

Ja. Because I really and seriously thought you Innocent.

D. *Guz.* Innocent? What dost thou mean?

Ja. Mean? Why what shou'd I mean? I mean that I concluded you Lov'd my Lady to that degree, you cou'd not Live without her. And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Passion Flame out like *Mount Etna*. That upon this, your Love got the Bridle in his Teeth and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that Impertinent Spy, upon her and you, *Don John*, follow'd and prevented farther proofs of your Affection.

D. G. Why sure ——

Ja. Why sure; Thus I thought it was, and thus she thinks it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Discretion to convince her of your Innocence——May your Innocence be your Reward. I'm sure were I in her place, you shou'd never have any other from me.

D. G. Was there then no Merit, in flying to her Assistance when I heard her Cries?

Ja. As much as the Constable and the Watch might have pretended to, something to Drink.

D. G. This is all Raillery, 'tis impossible she can be pleas'd with such an Attempt.

Ja. 'Tis impossible she can be pleas'd with being reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

D. G. But was this a proper way to save her Blushes?

Ja. 'Twas in the Dark, that's one way.

D. G. But it must look like down right Violation.

Ja. If it did not feel like it, what did that signify? Come Sir, Waggery apart. You know I'm your Servant, I have given you proofs on't. Therefore don't distrust me now if I tell

tell you; this Quarrel may be made up with the Wife, tho' perhaps not with the Husband; In short, she thinks you were first in her Chamber, and has not the worse Opinion of you for it; she makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has still Love enough for you, not to be displeas'd with the utmost Proofs you can give, that you have still a warm remain for her.

D. G. If this be true, and that she thought 'twas me, why did she Cry out to expose me?

Ja. Because at that time she did not think 'twas you? Will that content you? And now she do's think 'twas you, your Business is to let her think so on; for in a word, I can see she's concern'd at the Danger she has brought you into, and I believe wou'd be heartily glad, to see you well out on't.

D. *Guz.* ——'Tis impossible she can forgive me.

Ja. Oons—— Now Heaven forgive me, for I had a great Oath upon the Very tip of my Tongue; You'd make one mad with your Impossibles and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath Sir d'you think a Woman makes no distinction between the Assaults of a Man she likes and one she don't? My Lady hates *Don John*, and if she Thought 'twas he had done this Job, she'd hang him for't in her own Garters; She likes you, and if you shou'd do such an other, you might still die in your Bed like a Bishop, for her.

D. *Guz.* Well, I'll dispute no farther. I put my self into thy hands. What am I to do next?

Ja. Why do as she bids you; be in the way at the Old Rendezvous, she'll take the first Occasion she can to Speak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid you, and instead of your Innocent and Humble, be Guilty and Resolute. Your Mistriss is now Marry'd, Sir, consider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and so must you your Battery. Attack a Maid Gently, a Wife Warmly, and be as rugged with a Widdow as you can. Good buy t'ye Sir.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Scene

Scene, Don Felix's *House*. *Enter* Don Pedro *Solus*.

In what distraction have I past this Night? Sure I shall never close my Eyes again? No Wreck can equal what I feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my Love; They have Pierc'd me in two Tender parts. Yet could I take my just Revenge, it wou'd in some degree assuage my smart. O guide me Heaven to that Cordial drop——Hold! A glance of Light I think begins to——Yes——Right. When yesterday I brought *Don John* hither, was not *Don Felix* much disturb'd?——He was; and why?——That may be worth enquiring. But something more occurs. At my Arrival in this City, was I not told two Cavaliers were warm in the pursuit of *Leonora*? One I remember well they Nam'd; 'twas *Guzman*: The other, I am yet a stranger to. I fear I shall not be so long——'Tis *Alvarada*; O the Traytor; yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman*'s own Confession that he past the Wall to come to *Leonora*——O, but 'twas to her Assistance——And so it might, and he a Villain still. There are Assistances of various sorts——What were her Wants?——That's dark——But whatso'ere they were, he came to her Assistance. Death be his Portion for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

D. *Fe.* You avoid me *Don Pedro*; 'tis not Well. Am I not your Father, have you not reason to believe I am your Friend?

D. *Pe.* I have.

D. *Fe.* Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend? The Mystery you make to me of last Nights disturbance, I take unkindly from you. Come tell me your Grief, that if I can I may assuage it.

D. *Pe.* Nothing but Vengeance, can give me ease.

D. *Fe.* If I desire to know your wrongs, 'tis to Assist you in Revenging 'em.

D. *Pe.* Know then, that last Night in this Appartment I found *Don Guzman* and *Don John*.

D. *Fe.* *Guzman* and *Alvarada*?

D. *Pe.* Yes? and *Leonora* almoſt Naked between them, crying out for Aid.

D. *Fe.* Were they both guilty?

D. *Pe.* One was come to force her, tother to reſcue her.

D. *Fe.* Which was the Criminal?

D. *Pe.* Of that I yet am Ignorant. They accuſe each other.

D. *Fe.* Can't your Wife determine it?

D. *Pe.* The darkneſs of the Night, put it out of her Power.

D. *Fe.* But I perhaps may bring ſome Light to Aid you. I have part in the Affront: And tho' my Arm's too Old and Weak to ſerve you; my Council may be uſeful to your Vengeance. Know then that *Don Guzman* has a long time purſu'd my Daughter; and I as reſolutely, refus'd his Suit: Which however has not hindred him from ſearching all Occaſions to ſee and ſpeak to her.

Don John, on his ſide——

D. *Pe.* *Don John*'s my Friend, and I am confident——

D. *Fe.* That Confidence deſtroys you. Hear my Charge, and be your Self his Judge. He too has been, a preſſing Suitor to my Daughter.

D. *Pe.* Impoſſible.

D. *Fe.* To me my ſelf, he has own'd his Love to her.

D. *Pe.* Good Gods. Yet ſtill this leaves the Myſtery where it was; this Charge is equal.

D. *Fe.* 'Tis true; but yonders One (if you can make her ſpeak) I have reaſon to believe can tell us more. Ho, *Jacinta.*

Enter Jacinta.

Ja. Do you call me Sir?

D. *Fe.* Yes; *Don Pedro* wou'd Speak with you.

[*to* D. Pedro *aſide*] I'll leave you with her; preſs her both by Threats and Promiſes; and if you find your Wife in fault; Old as I am, her Father too, I'll raiſe my arm to plunge this Dagger in her Breaſt; And by that fermety convince the World, my Honours dearer to me than my Child.

[*Exit* D. Fe.

D. *Pe.*

D. *Pe.* [*aside.*] Heaven grant me power to stifle my Rage, till 'tis time to let my Vengeance fly.

Jacinta come near. I have some Business with you.

Ja. [*aside.*] His Business with me at this time, can be good for nothing I doubt.

[*Ja. to* D. Pe.] What Commands have you Sir for me? for I'm not very well.

D. *Pe.* What's your disorder?

Ja. A little sort of a something towards an Ague, I think.

D. *Pe.* You don't seem so ill, but you may tell me——

Ja. O, I can tell you nothing Sir, I assure you.

D. *Pe.* You Answer me, before you hear my Question. That looks as if you knew——

Ja. I know that what you are going to ask me, is a Secret I'm out at.

D. *Pe.* [*Offering her a Purse.*] Then this shall let thee into it.

Ja. I know nothing of the Matter.

D. *Pe.* Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Ja. I know nothing of the matter, I say.

D. *Pe.* [*drawing his Sword.*] Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal——

Ja. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard.

D. *Pe.* Speak; or th'art Dead.

Ja. But if I do Speak, shan't I be Dead for all that?

D. *Pe.* Speak, and thou art safe.

Ja. Well—O Lard—I'm so Frighted—But if I must Speak then—O dear heart—give me the Purse.

D. *Pe.* There.

Ja. Why truly, between a Purse in one's hand——and——a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for debate.

D. *Pe.* Come, begin, I'm Impatient.

Ja. Begin? let me see; where shall I begin? at *Don Guzman* I think.

D. *Pe.* What of him?

Ja Why he has been in Love with my Lady these Six Years.

D. *Pe.* I know it; but how has she receiv'd him?

Ja. Receiv'd him? Why——As young Maids use to receive Handsome Fellows; at first Ill; afterwards better.

D. *Pe.* [*Aside*] Furies! Did they ever meet?

Ja. A little.

D. *P.* By Day or Night?

Ja. Both.

D. P. Distraction. Where was their Rendezvous?

Ja. Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

D. Pe. As how?

Ja. As through a Hole in a Wall.

D. *Pe.* The Strumpet Banters me: Be Serious Insolence, or I shall spoil your Gayety: I'm not dispos'd to Mirth.

Ja. Why I am Serious. If you like my Story the better for't.

D. Pe. [*Aside.*] How miserable a Wretch am I?

Ja. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houses, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came by the Hole, I can't tell; may hap by chance, may hap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they use to Prattle.

D. Pe. And this is Truth?

Ja. I can't bate you a word on't Sir.

D. Pe. When did they meet there last?

Ja. Yesterday. I suppose 'twas only to bid one another Adieu.

D. *Pe.* Ah, *Jacinta*, thou hast pierc'd my Soul.

Ja. [*Aside*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd tell you my Don.

D. Pe. Where is this Place you speak of?

Ja. There 'tis, if you are Curious?

D. *Pe.* When they wou'd speak with one another, what's the Call?

Ja. Tinkle Tinkle.

D. Pe. A Bell?

Ja. It is.

D. *Pe.* Ring.

Ja. What do you mean Sir?

D. *Pe.* [*Hastily*] Ring.

Ja. 'Tis done.

D. *Pe.* [*aside.*] I'll make use of her to Examin him. Do's he come?

Ja.

Ja. Not yet.

D. *Pe.* Pull again.

Ja. You muſt give him time Sir; My Lady always do's ſo.

D. *Pe.* I hear ſomething.

Ja. 'Tis he.

[D. *Guz. within.*] Who's there?

[D. *Pe. ſoftly.*] Say you are *Leonora.*

[*Dumb ſhow, of her unwillingneſs, and his threatning.*

[*Ja. ſoftly.*] 'Tis *Leonora.*

D. *Guz.* What are your Commands Madam? Is it poſſible ſo Unfortunate a Wretch as I, can be capable of ſerving you?

[D. Pe. *whiſpers* Jacinta, *who ſeems backward to ſpeak.*

Ja. I come to ask you, how you cou'd ſo far forget, that Infinite regard you have profeſt, to make an attempt ſo dangerous both to your ſelf and me; and which, with all the Eſteem and Love I have ever born you, you ſcarce cou'd hope I ever ſhou'd forgive you.

D. *Guz.* Alas! my hopes and fears were Vaniſh't too. My Council, was my Love and my Diſpair. If they adviſ'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

D. *Pe.* [*aſide.*] The Villain owns the Fact. It ſeems he thinks he has not much to fear, from her Reſentment. O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Ja. [*aſide.*] So; She's here; that's as I expected; now we are blown up.

[Leo. *aſide not ſeeing them.*] If I don't miſtake, I heard *Don Guzman*'s call. I can't refuſe to Anſwer it; forgive me Gods, and let my Woman's weakneſs, plead my Cauſe——! How? My Husband here? Nay then——

D. *Pe.* You ſeem diſorder'd Madam; pray what may be the Cauſe.

[Leo. *confus'd*] I don't know really; I'm not—— I don't know that.——

D. *Pe.*

D. *Pe.* You did not know that I was here I gues.

Leo. Yes I did, and—— came to speak with you.

D. *Pe.* I'm not at present, in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is set to Conversation there's one behind the Wall, will entertain you.

D. *Guz.* But is it possible Fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

[D. Pe. *to* Leo.] You hear him Madam, he dares Own it to you.

[Leo. *aside.*] *Jacinta* winks; I gues what Scene they have been Acting here. My part is now to play.

[*to* D. Pe.] I see Sir he dares Own it; Nor is he the first Lover has presum'd, beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to say: It is my Interest you shou'd know the Depth, of all has ever past between us.

[Le, *to* D. Guz.] I fain wou'd know *Don Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one step, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the terms of Honour which you sought me?

D. Guz. Not one.

Leo. Why then shou'd you believe I cou'd forgive, the taking that by force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

D. Guz. Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reason, had perhaps debated. But not in Reason, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora.*

Leo. If strong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worst of shapes has much to Urge: No, cou'd any thing have shaken me in Virtue, it must have been the strength of it in you: Had you shone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have mist the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my Sight for ever. If therefore from this moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, tho' in the humblest Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong. Farewel. [*She retires from him.*

D. Guz. O stay and hear me, I have wrong'd my self, Im Innocent, by all that's Sacred, Just and Good, I'm Innocent.

D. Pe.

D. Pe. [*Aside*] What do's he mean?

D. Guz. I have own'd a Fact I am not Guilty of; *Jacinta* can inform you, she knows I never——

Ja. I know? The Man's mad; Pray begone Sir, my Lady will hear no more. I'll shut him out Madam, shan't I? [*She shuts the Hole.*

Leo. I have no farther Business with him.

Enter Isabella *hastily.*

Isa. O Heavens *Leonora*, where are you? *Don Pedro*, you can assist me better.

Leo. What's the matter?

D. Pe. What is it Madam I can serve you in?

Isa. In what the Peace of my whole Life consists, the Safety of my Brother; *Don John*'s Servant has this moment left me a Letter for him, which I have Open'd, knowing there is an Animosity of some time between 'em.

D. Pe. Well Madam?

Isa. O dear it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not; if I shew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the place Appointed; and if I don't, he'll be Accus'd of Cowardise. One way I Risque his Life, tother I Ruin his Honour.

D. Pe. What wou'd you have me do Madam?

Isa. I'll tell you Sir: I only beg you'll go to the place where *Don John* expects him; tell him I have Intercepted his Letter, and make him promise you he'll send no more: By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whose Piques are on a frivolous occasion) from Murdering one another; and by this good office, you'll repay the small Debt you owe my Brother, for flying last Night to *Leonora*'s Succour; and doubtly pay the Obligation you have to me upon the same occasion.

D. Pe. What Obligation Madam? I am Ignorant, pray inform me.

Isa. 'Twas I Sir that first heard *Leonora*'s Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the same assistance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generosity. But pray lose no time,

time, *Don John* is perhaps already on the Spot, and not meeting my Brother, may send a second Message, which may be Fatal.

D. Pe. Madam be at rest; you shall be satisfy'd, I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother past the Wall?

Isa. I did; why do you ask that Question?

D. Pe. I have a reason you may be sure.

[*Aside*] Just Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at last shines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada*, I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make use of this Occasion for my Vengeance.

[*to* Isa.] Where Madam is it, *Don John* is waiting?

Isa. But here, in a small Feild behind the Garden.

D. *Pe.* [*aside.*] His blood shall do me Reason for his Treachery.

Isa. Will you go there directly?

D. *Pe.* I will. Be Satisfy'd. [*Exit.* D. Pe.

Leo. You weep *Isabella.*

Isa. You see my trouble for a Brother, for whom I wou'd Die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd Live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

Leo. They both are Instruments of my Misfortune.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Lopez.

OHO, my good Seignior *Don John*, you are mistaken in your Man; I am your humble Vallet, 'tis true, and I am to Obey you; but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures; you shall Quixot it by your self for *Lopez*. Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a half, a Dagger for close Engagement; and (if I don't mistake) a Pocket Pistol for extraordinary Occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way; These matters will end in a Court of Justice, or I'm wrong in my foresight: Now that being a place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best, neither to come in for Prisoner nor Evidence. But hold; Yonder comes another Toledo. *Don Guzman* I presume, but I presume wrong, 'tis —— who is't? *Don Pedro* by all the Powers. What the Pox do's he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm sure as matters stand, I ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he sees me, 'tis to late too slip him.

Enter Don Pedro.

D. P. How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

Lo. I'm going Sir, I—— I'm going —— if you please I'm going about my Business.

D. P. From whence do you come?

Lo. Only, only Sir, from —— taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur——round about in my head for this day or two, I'm going home to be let blood, as fast as I can, Sir.

D. P. Hold Sir, I'll let you blood here.

This Rascal may have born some part in this late Adventure; He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it out of him. *Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poignard.*

You Traytor you, y'are dead.

Mercy *Don Pedro*,

D. P. Are you not a Villain? [*Lo. Kneeling.*

Lo. Yes if you please.

D. P. Is there so great a one upon Earth?

Lo. With respect to my Master; No.

D. P. Prepare then to die.

Lo. Give me but time, and I will. But Noble *Don Pedro*, Just *Don Pedro*, Generous *Don Pedro*, What is it I have done?

D. *P.* What if thou dar'st deny, I'll plung this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the falshood to thy heart again. Therefore take heed, and on thy Life declare; did'st thou not this last Night open my doors to let *Don Guzman* in?

Lo. *Don Guzman*?

D. *P* *Don Guzman*? Yes *Don Guzman* Traytor, him.

Lo. Now, may the Sky crush me, if I let in *Don Guzman*.

D. *P.* Who did you let in then? It wan't your Master sure? if it was him, you did your Duty, I have no more to say.

Lo. Why then if I let in any body else, I'm a Son of a Whore. [*Rising.*

D. *P.* Did he order you before-hand, or did you do't upon his Knocking?

Lo.

Lo. Why he; I'll tell you Sir, he —— pray put up that Brillant; it ſparkles ſo in my Eyes, it almoſt blinds me —— thank you Sir, [*Don Pedro puts it up.*

Why Sir, I'll tell you juſt how the matter was, but I hope you won't conſider me as a Party.

D. *P.* Go on, thou art ſafe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, ſays my Maſter to me, *Lopez*, ſays he, Go and ſtay at old Don *Felix*'s Houſe, till Don *Pedro* returns, they'll paſs thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to ſtay there. And then, ſays he, doſt hear, Open me the Door by *Leonora*'s Apartment to Night, for, I have a little Buſineſs, ſays he, to do there.

D. *P.* *aſide.*] Perfidious Wretch!

Lop. Indeed, I was at firſt, a little wreſty, and ſtood off; being Suſpicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be ſome ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weak ſide; whips out a long Sword; and by the ſame Means makes me do the thing, as you have made me diſcover it. [*Aſide.*] There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, ſince the Blood of the *Bourbon*'s came amongſt us.

D*on P.* Then you let him in, as he bid you?

Lop. I did: If I had not, I had never liv'd to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

D*on P.* And what follow'd?

Lop. Why he follow'd.

D*on P.* What?

Lop. His Inclinations.

D. *P.* Which way?

Lop. The Old Way; To a Woman.

D. *P.* Confound him.

Lop. In ſhort, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho' you know, Sir, a little time goes a great way in ſome matters) I heard

ſuch a clutter of ſmall ſhot, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and ſo forth—— But hold, here he comes himſelf, and can give you a more circumſtantial Account of the Skirmiſh.

D. P. I thank thee Heaven at laſt, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to Sacrifice. [*Exit* Lopez.

Enter Don John.

Drawing.] Villain, defend thy ſelf.

Don Joh. What do you mean?

Don P. To puniſh a Traytor.

Don J. Where is he?

Don P. In the Heart of a Sworn Friend.

Don J. aſide.] I ſaw *Lopez* go from him; without doubt he has told him all.

To Don P.] Of what am I ſuſpected?

Don P. Of Betraying the greateſt Truſt, that Man cou'd place in Man.

Don J. And by whom am I accus'd?

Don P. By me: Have at thy Traytor's Heart.

Don J. Hold! And be not quite a Madman! *Pedro*, you know me well: You know I am not backward upon theſe Occaſions; Nor ſhall I refuſe you any Satisfaction you'll Demand; but firſt, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Senſe, you are pleas'd to make very odd Concluſions.

Don P. Why, what is't poſſible thou canſt invent to clear thy ſelf?

Don J. To clear my ſelf? Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Aſs, and puſht my Friendſhip to that Point, you find not Virtue in your ſelf, enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I ſhall be a better husband on't.

D. *P.* I

Don P. I shou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be justly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confest——

Don. J. My Servant! right, my Servant! The very thing I guest. Fie, fie, Don *Pedro*, Is't from a Servant's Mouth a Friend Condemns a Friend; or can Servants always Judge at what their Masters outward Actions point? But some Allowances I shou'd make for the wild Agitation you must needs be in. I'm therefore Calm, and thus far pass all by.

Don P. If you are Innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you so; But still——

Don J. But still you wrong me, if you still suspect. Hear then in short, my part of this Adventure. In order to Acquit my self of the Charge you laid upon me in your Absence, I went last Night, just as 'twas dark, to view the several Approaches to the House where you had left your Wife: And I observ'd not far from one of Back Doors, the Two Persons in close eager Conference: I was disguis'd, so ventur'd to pass near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*: My Concern for your Honour, made me at first resolve to call him to an immediate Account. But then reflecting that I might possibly o'er-hear some part of their Discourse, and by that judge of *Leonora*'s Thoughts, I rein'd my Passion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttress, which kept me from their sight, I learnt the black Conspiracy. Don *Guzman* said, he had great Complaint to make; and since his Honourable Love had been so ill return'd, he could with Ease forgive himself, if by some rougher means he should procure, what Prayers and Tears, and Sighs, had urg'd in vain.

Don P. Go on.

Don. J. His kind Assistant clos'd smoothly with him, and inform'd him with what Ease that very Night she'd introduce

duce him to her Chamber. At last, they parted with this Agreement, That at some Overture in a Wall, he should expect her to inform him, when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coast was clear.

Don P. Dispatch the rest—— Is't possible after all he should be Innocent?

D. *J.* I must confess the Resolution taken, made me tremble for you; How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next care. I Immediately order'd *Lopez* to go lye at *Don Felix*'s, and to open me the door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the Dark found my way to *Leonora*'s Appartment, I found the door open, at which I was surpriz'd. I thought I heard some stirring in her Chamber, and in an instant heard her cry to Aid. At this I drew, and rusht into the Room, which *Guzman* Allarm'd at, cry'd out to her Assistance, his ready Impudence I must confess, at first quite struck me speechless, but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traytor.

D. P. Is't possible?

D. J. Yet more; Your Arrival hindring me at that time, from taking Vengeance for your wrong, I at this instant expect him here, to punish him (with Heavens Righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my ruin with the Man, whose Friendship I prefer, to all the Blessings Heaven and Earth dispense. ——

And now *Don Pedro*, I have told you this, if still you have a mind to take my Life? I shall defend it with the self same warmth, I intended to expose it in your service. [*draws.*]

D. *P.* [*Aside*] If I did not know he was in Love with *Leonora*, I could be easily surpriz'd with what he has tol'd me. But —— But yet 'tis certain he has destroyed the Proofs against him, and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why

why must *Don Guzman* pass for Innocent; good Gods, I am again returning to my doubts.

D. J. [*Aside*] I have at last reduc't him to a Ballance, but one lye more tost in, will turn the Scale.

To *D. P.* One Obligation more my Friend you owe me; I thought to have let it pass, but it shall out. Know then, I lov'd like you, the Beauteous *Leonora*; but from the moment, I observ'd how deep her dart had peirc't you, I tore my Passion from my bleeding heart, and Sacrifis'd my happiness to yours. Now, I have no more to plead, If still you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

Don P. Rather Ten Thousand Poiniards strike me dead. O *Alvarada!* Can you forgive a Wild distracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frensie leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don J. I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few moments I hope to bring you farther Proofs on't. *Guzman* I instantly expect, leave me to do you Justice on him.

Don P. That must not be. My Revenge can ne'er be satisfy'd by any other hand but this.

Don J. Then let that do't. You'll in a Moment have an opportunity.

Don P. You mistake; he won't be here.

Don J. How so?

Don P. He has not had your Challenge. His Sister intercepted it, and desir'd I'd come to prevent the Quarrel.

Don J. What then is to be done?

Don P. I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don J. Very well: Or hold—— [*Aside.*] I must hinder 'em from Talking, Gossiping may discover me. Yes: Let's go and find him: Or, let me see—— Ay—— 'twill do better.

Don P.

Don P. What?

Don J. Why—— That the Punishment should suit the Crime.

Don P. Explain.

Don J. Attack him by his own Laws of War—— 'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

Don P. His Treason cannot take the guilt from mine.

Don J. There is no Guilt in fair Retalliation. When 'tis a point of Honour founds the Quarrel: the Laws of Sword-Men must be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to seize my Treasure, methinks, I may return the Favour on my Daggers Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony fix times as long.

Don P. Yet still the nobler Method I wou'd chuse; it better satisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don J. I own it; were you sure you shou'd succeed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'scape you: You perhaps may only Wound him; You may be parted. Believe me *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctillio Satisfaction.

Don P. Well, Guide me as you please, so you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propose?

Don J. That which is easie, as 'tis just to execute. The Wall he past, to Attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing so any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his Amorous Solitudes, he spends some time alone, and where I guess his late fair Scheme was drawn. The Deed done, we can Retreat the way we Enter'd; Let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the most proper time.

Don P. Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don J. [*Aside.*] How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one Secret. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE,

Don Guzman's Apartments.

Don Guzman, *sitting*, solus.

With what Rigour does this Unfaithful Woman treat me? Is't possible it can be she, who appear'd to Love me with so much Tenderness? How little stress is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart? Sure they're not worth those Anxious Cares they give. [*Rising.*] Then burst my Chains, and give me room to search, for nobler Pleasures. I feel my Heart begin to Mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will struggle hard for Freedom: but Solitudes the worst of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho*, *Galinda*, Who waits there? Bring some Lights. Where are you?

Enter Galindo, *rubbing his Eyes, and* Drunk.

Ga. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don G. Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the Dark, what were you doing?

Ga. Doing Sir? I was doing—— what one does when one Sleeps, Sir.

Don G. Have you no Light without?

Ga. [*Yawning.*] Light!—— No, Sir,—— I have no Light. I'm us'd to hardship. I can Sleep in the dark.

Don G. You have been Drinking, you Rascal, you are Drunk.

Ga. I have been Drinking, Sir, 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is Drunk, has been drinking;

Confeſs'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not Drunk. Confeſs that too.

Don G. Who is't has put you in this Condition, you Sot?

Ga. A very honeſt Fellow: Madam *Leonora*'s Coachman, no body elſe. I have been making a little debauch with Madam *Leonora*'s Coachman; yes.

Don G. How came you to drink with him, Beaſt?

Ga. Only *par* Complaiſance, Sir. The Coachman was to be Drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was deſir'd to take part.

Don G. And ſo, you Villain, you can make your ſelf Merry, with what renders me Miſerable.

Ga. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry: I drank with Tears in my Eyes: The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me ſo ſad, ſo ſad, that every Cup I Swallow'd, was like a Cup of Poiſon to me.

Don G. Without doubt.

Ga. Yes; And to mortifie my ſelf upon melancholly Matters, I believe I took down Fifty. Yes.

Don. G. Go fetch ſome Lights you drunken Sot you.

Ga. I will. If I can find the Door, [*Feeling for the door, and running againſt it.*] that's to ſay,—— The Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis grown too little for me—— Shrunk this wet Weather I preſume. [*Exit Ga.*

Don Guzman alone.

Abſence, the old Remedy for Love, muſt e'en be mine; To ſtay and brave the Danger, were Preſumption: Farewell *Valencia* then, and farewell *Leonora*. And if thou can'ſt, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty; Secure it by a farewell Eternal to her Sex.

Re-enter

Re-enter Galindo *with a Candle, he falls and puts it out.*

Ga. Here's light, Sir. —— So.

D. G. Well done. You fortiſh Raſcal come no more in my ſight. *Exit D. G.* } *Paſſing angrily into another Chamber.*

Ga. Theſe boards are ſo uneaven.—— You ſhall ſee now I ſhall neither find the Candle —— nor the Candleſtick, it ſhan't be for want of ſearching however. ——O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll look for your Companion to Morrow. } *riſing and feeling about for the Candle.*

Enter Don Pedro *and* Don John.

D. P. Where are we now?

D. J. We are in the Appartment I told you of. —— Softly, —— I hear ſomething ſtir, —— Ten to one but 'tis he.

Ga. Don't I hear ſomewhat? —— No —— when One has Wine in One's head, One has ſuch a Bustle in One's ears.

D. P. to *D. J.* Who is that talking to himſelf?

D. J. 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep ſtill.

Ga. Well; ſince my Maſter has baniſh't me his ſight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have loſt by my debauche. I'll go ſleep twelve hours in ſome Melancholy hole where the Devill ſhan't find me. Yes. [*Exit. Ga.*

D. J. He's gone; but hush, I hear ſome body coming.

D. G. Ho there, will no body bring light? [*behind the Scene.*

D. P. 'Tis *Guzman.*

D. J. 'Tis ſo, prepare.

D. P. Shall I own my weakneſs, I feel an inward Check; I wiſh this could be done ſome other way.

D. J. Diſtraction all; is this a time to Ballance? think on the Injury he would have done you, 'twill fortifie your Arm and guide your Dagger to his heart.

D. P. Enough, I'll hesitate no more; be ſatisfy'd, hark, he's coming.

Don Guzman *paſſes the Stage.*

D. G. I think theſe Rogues are reſolved to leave me in the dark all Night, [*Exit D. G.*

D. J. Now's your time, follow him and ſtrike home.

D. P. To his heart if my Dagger will reach it.

[Don Pedro *follows him.*

D. J. [*aſide*] If one be kill'd Im ſatisfy'd 'tis no great matter which.

Re-enter Don Guzman, Don Pedro *following him, with his Dagger ready to ſtrike.*

D. G. [*aſide*] My Chamber door's lock't, and I think I hear ſome body tread. —— Who's there? —— No body Anſwers. But ſtill I hear ſome thing ſtir. Holo! there *Sancho*, are you all drunk, ſome Lights here quickly [*Exit.*

Don Guzman *paſſes by the Corner where* Don John *ſtands, and goes off the Stage*; Don Pedro *following him, ſtabs* Don John.

D. P. [*aſide*] I think I'm near him now: —— Traytor, take that, my Wife has ſent it thee.

D. J. Ah, I'm dead.

D. P. Then thou haſt thy due.

D. J. I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd thee.

D. P.

D. P. And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for doing it.

D. J. I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

D. P. Die then with the Regret, to have fail'd in thy Attempt.

D. J. Farewell, if thou can'ſt forgive me. [*Dies.*

D. P. I have done the deed, there's nothing left, but to make our eſcape. *Don John* where are you, he's be gon, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez *knocks hard at the door.*

Lo. Open there quickly, open the door.

D. P. That's *Lopez*, we ſhall be diſcover'd. But 'tis no great matter, the Crime will juſtify the Execution; but where's *Don John*, *Don John* where are you?

Lopez *knocks again.*

Lo. Open the door there, quickly. Madam I ſaw 'em both paſs the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

Leo. I am fright'ned out of my Sences, ho, *Iſabella.*

D. P. 'Tis *Leonora.* She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her ſee her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Iſabella, Jacinta *and* Lopez. *with Lights.*

D. P. Ha, what is't I ſee? *Guzman* Alive?
Then who art thou? [*Looking on D. J.*

D. G. *Guzman* alive? Yes *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

D. P. Then Heaven is juſt, and there's a Traytor dead.

Iſabella Weeps. Alas *Don John*?

Lo. looking upon Don John. *Bonus Nocius.*

D. G. What has produc'd this Bloody Scene?

D. P.

D. P. 'Tis I, have been the Actor in't, my Poignard, *Guzman* I intended in your Heart; I thought your Crime deserv'd it, but I did you wrong, and my hand in searching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Justice been directed to the Guilty. *Don John* with his last breath, confest himself the Offender. Thus my Revenge is satisfied, and you are clear'd.

D. G. Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgments?

D. P. to *Leo.* Come, Madam, my Honour now is satisfied, and if you please my Love may be so too.

Leo. If it is not

You to your self alone, shall owe your smart,
For where I've given my hand, I'll give my heart.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Mrs. Oldfeild.*

WHat ſay you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll ſcape,
'Tis dev'liſh hard to ſtand a Fav'rite's Rape?
Shou'd Guzman, *like* Don John, *break in upon her,*
For all her Vertue, Heaven! have Mercy on her;
Her ſtrength, I doubt, 's in his Irreſolution,
There's ~~wondrous Charms in Vig'rous Execution~~:
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe,
What dreadful things we Women can forgive;
I know but one, we never do paſs by,
And that you plague us with Eternally.
When in your Courtly Fears, to diſoblige,
You won't attack the Town, which you beſiege:
Your Guns are light, and planted out of reach,
D' ye think with Billetdoux *to make a Breach;*

'Tis small-shot all, and not a stone will fly,
Walls fall by Cannon, and by fireing nigh;
In sluggish dull Blockade you keep the Field,
And starve us e're we can with honour Yield.
In short!
We can't receive those terms you gently tender,
But Storm, and we can answer our Surrender.

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